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# POEM

ON THE

## CORONATION

OF

His Most Sacred Majesty  
**King James *the* Second**

*By the Grace of* GOD

Of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland,

**Defender of the Faith, &c.**

And of His Royal CONSORT

OUR GRACIOUS

# QUEEN MARY.

(Attempted) By R. PHILLIPS.

*Largus enim liquidi Fons Luminis Ætherius Sol  
 Irigat assidue Cælum candore recenti  
 Suppedit atq; novo Confestim Lumine Lumen.*

LUCR.

Entered according to Order.

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## P O E M

ON THE

## Coronation

Of His Most Sacred Majesty

King *James* the Second, &c.

**I**N *ALBANY* the Humble *Sheaves* do now  
 (As *Jacob's* Children did) to *Joseph* Bow;  
 Who is it? from the Wilderness draws near,  
 And like a *Cloud of Incense* does appear;  
 Before whose *Bed* the *Mighty* of the Land,  
 (The *Sixty-Valiant*) Girt with Swords do stand;  
 Whose *Throne* is *Silver*, and whose *Seat* is *Gold*,  
*Jerusalem* with Joy may now behold.

Behold! the (*QUEEN*) the *Glorious-Shulamite*;  
 As *Tirzah* Beautiful, as *Armies* Bright.

The *Hebrews* (like *Divine-Arion*) Strung  
 Their Warbling-Lutes (that on the Willows hung);  
 But how could they the Songs of *Sion* Sing?  
 While *Sion* Wept for her Deceased KING.  
 Now Storms by Tears are Hush'd, as Winds with Rain;  
 And (loe) the *Falcon-Day*, and *Dove* again;  
*Fair Cynthia's Lamps* (that lie in Spangled-Beds)  
 (Like little Glow-Worms Blushing) hide their Heads;

While the *Blest-Sun* the *World* with *Beauty* fills,  
 Melts down the *Snow*, and warms the *Frosty-Hills*.  
 See! how he Thaws away the *Icy-Chains*,  
 That bound the *Tender-Springs-soft-Violet-Veins*.  
 See! how the Shaddows flee with *Dews*, and *Cold*,  
 How all the *Earth* appears in *Glittering-Gold*.  
 The *Night*. — stood Tip-toe on the *Mountains-Top*,  
 And, Reeling down, did *Mistie-Jewels* Drop.  
 See! how he Mounts into his *Glorious-Chair*,  
 How, like some *Mighty-Conquerour* in *War*,  
 He Chases *Clouds* (as *Enemies*) away,  
 And brings (in *Pomp*) the *Bright-Triumphant-Day*.  
 See! how the *Flowers* their *Blooming-Curtains* spread,  
 How beautifully they Mottle every *Mead*;  
 The *New-born-Buds*, their *Infant-Leaves* Display,  
 And strow *Sweet-Blossoms* to *Perfume* his *Way*;  
 The *Tulips* in their *Satin-Coats* appear,  
 And *Crimson-Gowns* the *Virgin-Roses* wear;  
 The *Lilly* (*Lady of the Field*) in *White*,  
 (As *Innocence*) does imitate the *Light*.  
 See! how *Divinely-Fair* the *Waters* look,  
 The *Chrystal-Fountain* and the *Silver-Brook*,  
 Washt-clean, and curl'd abroad, do *Glide* and *Rove*,  
 Peep on the *Masky-Bank*, and *Vizard-Grove*,  
 And *Murmur* till they find their *Primrose-Love*.  
 See! how the *Gentle-Linet* fans her *Wing*,  
 While *Nightingales* *Melodious* *Anthems* Sing,  
 The *Birds* upon the yielding *Poplar-sprays*,  
 Marry their *Notes* for to *Unite* his *Praise*,  
 While round the *World* he sprinkles *Cheerful-Rays*.  
 The *KING* admir'd does (*Thus*) *Ascend* the *Throne*,  
 (And as a *Saviour*) takes a *Thorny-Crown*,  
 That *All* the *Nation* may in him be *Blest*,  
 (Under the *Royal-Vine* securely rest.)  
 But (*Loe*) besides the *Wreath of Gold* he wears,  
 (A *Mortal-Mixture* made of *Pearls* and *Cares*;)

\* Charles  
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He has in *Heav'n* a *Diadem* of *Stars*. \*

As *Heroes* strove in the *Olimpian Game*,  
 So all the *Poets* *Wrestle* for his *Fame*;  
*Amphion* will his *Charming-Viol* string,  
 And, *Maro-like*, of *Great-Mécenas* Sing;  
 Whether he Sings of *Beeches*, *Bées*, or *Bays*,  
 Sweet (as *Apollo's-Wisdom*) are his *Lays*.  
*Orpheus* his *Golden-Harp* again will take,  
 And of the *Island* an *Elisian* make;

Before him they will like the *Mothers* strive,  
 Whose is the *Dead*, and who's the *Child* Alive.  
 Search all the Records of the *Antique-Age*,  
 (Not yet quite Conquer'd by Oblivions Rage,) }  
 And early *Similes* from thence will bring,  
 Of some Great *Hannibal*, or *Godlike-King*.  
 Fancy can flee swift as the Nimble *Roe*,  
 Or Youthful-Hart that in *Mount Bethel* go.  
*Wit*, like a *Torch*, will her own *Fire* Consume;  
 Each minute offering *Incense* and *Perfume*:  
 Spending with Joy her sweetest *Force* and *Might*,  
 Till she grow blind by giving others sight,  
 As *Homer* did, whose *Learning* gave us *Light*.  
 But now by *Dark-Degrees* goes back in *Men*,  
 Yet *Heav'n* may work a *Miracle* agen:  
 As when the *Hebrews Aarons-Ephod* wrought,  
 Unthinking-*Israel Jehovah* taught.

'Tis true, that *Art* and *Knowledge* both are vain,  
 Leave like a *Snail* (at best) a *Silver-stain*:  
 Yet *Duty* as a *Spirit* Compact of *Fire*,  
 Should never sink, but like a *Flame* aspire:  
 Mount like the *Coach* in which the *Prophet* lay,  
 Wondring (e're yet he saw) *Eternal-Day*.  
 The *Mariner* the *Pathless Ocean* tries,  
 (And like another *bold-Columbus* flies,) }  
 With *Airy-Wings* for his *Illustrious-Prize*.  
 He often *Lands* (we see) his *Golden-Oar*,  
 His *Spice* and *Gums* come safely to the *Shore*.  
 But if like *Icarus* our *Wings* we raise,  
 We must be lost in the *vast Sea of Praise*;  
 E're we to *Lebanons-Green-Grove* repair,  
 To fetch *Immortal-Palms* that flourish there.

Yet each a *Mirror* holds, that all may see,  
 The *Bright-Idea* of *Divinity*.  
 The *Mules* like *Arachne*, do impart,  
 In their *Imbroidered-Arras* various *Art*.  
 Here *Angels* seem upon an *Azure-Cloud*,  
 To sing their *Hallelujahs* sweet and loud:  
 While *Gileads-Balm* by *Samuel* is shed  
 Upon the *Princely-Prophets Sacred Head*.  
 By *Figures* we may shadow things *Divine*,  
 To make the *Truth* the more *Perspicuous shine*:  
 There *Joshua* is sent by *Heav'n's high Will*,  
 To make *Divisions-Son* and *Sons* stand still;  
 To lead the *Hebrews* to the *Promis'd-Land*,  
 And fright the *Amorite* with all his *Band*.

Here *Justice* onely bears a *Gardners-Knife*,  
 To Prune *Bad-Boughs*, and save the *Scions* Life.  
*Mercy* does like a *Skil'd-Chyrurgeon* deal,  
 VVhen Gentle means and *Balsom* will not Heal;  
 VVhen (still) the growing-VVound does festring spread,  
 She cuts a *Finger* off to save a *Head*.  
 There *Laws* like *Fountains* seated on a *Hill*,  
 VVith VVholesome-Streams abroad do (*Tender*) Trill;  
 And if they ever Thick and Mirie grow,  
 The *Channels* are in fault that lye below.  
*Ambition* and *Distrust* on either hand,  
 Like two *Red-Seas* Wall'd in with *Waves*, do stand:  
 Here one might view the *Cities* of the Plain,  
 On which the *Heav'ns* did *Fire* and *Brimstone* Rain:  
 But *Faith* like *Little-Zaar*, *Lot* doth save,  
 VVhen all the rest do find a *Burning Grave*,  
 Firm *Faith* does always like *Young David* fare,  
 That strangely Kill'd *Goliath* and the *Bear*.  
*Obedience* like some fair and Fertile *Vine*,  
 Her goodly Branches lowest did decline.  
 Of *Fortunes-Storms* she need not stand in fear,  
 Hid under *Leaves* her *Grapes* in safety are.  
*Goodness* all round the *Nations Skirts* was spread,  
 Like precious Oyntment upon *Aarons* Head.

How great were are all his Loyal Subjects fears,  
 VVhen *Seas* contending with their *Tides* of Tears,  
 At last fell out and made a Dismal Rore,  
 To bear their *Prince* to his Expecting Shore.  
 VVell might there Strife and Emulation be,  
 The VVaters knew the *Soveraign of the Sea*.  
 In Roughest Billows his Undaunted Breast,  
 Untoucht with Danger, found a *Heav'n* of Rest.  
 So *Fulius-Cesar* in a Tempest stood,  
 Amaz'd the *Boat-man*, and the *Wondring-Flood*.

*Geomitricians* viewing *Heav'ns* fair Ball,  
 May think the *World* does in their *Compass* fall;  
 But Sailing forth, in little time *Discern*  
*Regions*, which by their *Mapps* they ne'r could learn:  
 So when we think to make a *Beauteous-Chain*,  
 Of all the *Vertues* Nature does contain,  
 Experience mocks our weak and simple pain,  
 So vast we find the *Glorious-Heav'nly Train*:  
 (So Numberless) by *Art* can ne'r be told,  
 Rich and as Bright as *Tagus Sands of Gold*.

All that we can of *Heav'nly-Canaan* know,  
Is this — that there can no Disorder grow;  
Where Rivers of Eternal Vertues flow,  
*Concord* (that sweet Musitian) Tunes the Strings,  
And makes the *Happy* stretch their Hallowed-Wings;  
While *Miriam* on the Sacred *Timbrel* Rings,  
Immortal Praises to the King of Kings.

Now is the *Golden Age* that Poets fain,  
Great *Constantine* the Scepter sways again;  
Greater then *Cyrus* or *Mespasians* Son,  
Or him that all *Darius* Empire Won;  
The *Heav'nly Atlas* that appears Divine,  
On whose Rich-shoulders all the Stars do shine;  
Fame with her *Diamond Pen* will Write his Name  
On *Adamant*, for ever to remain.

*Union* the King and Princes does Unite,  
And makes a *Damask-Rose* of Red and White;  
The *Cynick* in his Tub delight may find,  
(While *Alexander* Reigns so Mild, so Kind)  
So sweet a *Tenant* is Content of Mind.

Though *Moses-Bush* did Flame, it did not fear,  
Flame to create as well Delight as Fear.  
All Earthly-Fires and Flames, though ne'r so great,  
(Excepting *Subjects Love*) abate their Heat;  
But those Quick-Lights the more they are suppress't,  
The will more shine in the Inflamed Breast.  
Not like to *Euripus*, whose Ebb and Flow,  
By varying does her own Inconstance show.  
What *Vassal-Spirit* can now Dispair or Faint,  
Protected by so strong, so sure a Saint!  
The *Winter* of all Fear is past and gone,  
Can we feel Cold that are so near the Sun?  
*Alcides* cannot hurt the Kingdoms Peace,  
Nor *Jason* steal away her *Golden-Fleece*.  
*Wisdom* that *Fixed-Star* stands firm and fast,  
While *Comet-Folly* Blazing out, does waste.  
But simple Men will *Burning Glasses* blame,  
When their own Idle Hands Unite the Flame.  
*Subjects* are *Dials*, *Princes* *Suns* that shine,  
'Tis by their Light that Men show bright and fine,  
The *Dial* Dies with Clouds, with *Beams* appears Divine.

Fair *Amalthea* with her Plenteous Horn,  
 Brings us our Wine, and Milk, and Fruit, and Corn:  
 Blest are the *Palace-Gates* with Joyful Peace,  
 Blest are the *Fruitful Barns*, with sweet encrease;  
 Blest are our *Councils*, by whose Learned Skill,  
 They make the happy Nation flourish still:  
 In all things blest that to a *Realm* pertain,  
 But most in *Great King James* our Sovereign.  
 Within the *Treasure* of whose *Gracious Eyes*,  
 Sweet *Mercy* and relenting *Pitty* lyes.  
 Long may he sway the *Scripter* in his Hand,  
 And make *Jerusalem* a Happy Land.  
 Obedience to whole *Laws* will plainly prove,  
 Whether we are true *Gold*, or *Guilt* with Love.

so Great, so *Universal*, is his Name,  
 What can we find to Paralell his Fame?  
 That *Sion-Mount* which none could e're remove,  
 The *Hebrews* Object of Delight and Love.  
 Will last like that strong Tower that *David* Built,  
 Whereon a *Thousand Shields* did hang all *Guilt*.  
 When Others Fame by *Famine*; *Time* shall cease,  
 His (like *Zareptas-Oyl*) will then Encrease.

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